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TO THE MOON.

O moon, bright moon! In thine effulgent light
The stars fast pale, thou art so silvery bright.
Like reaper's scythe thou bendest in the sky
O'er myriad human forms that "neath thee lie."
Thou comest first a slender arc of gold,
As days advance, so waxest thou more bold,
Until, like mirror hung in Heaven's blue,
O'er twinkling stars, with thy face shines through.
And beams and smiles, while all the earth below
Reflects thy laugh, and inspiration's flow
Falls soft from waking fountains, and naught ob-
trudes
The sweet serenity, save lovers' moods.
—Nina Picon in Boston Courier

A FAIRY TALE.

Once upon a time there was a brave
soldier named John. After passing
eight years in the army, according to
the requirements of the law, he re-en-
listed for eight years, and then for eight
years more. At the end of these twenty-
four years he was discharged, and he
left his regiment, carrying with him a
pound of bread and six pennies, all the
property that he possessed in the world.
"Yes," he said to himself as he walked
along the highway; a pound of bread and
six pennies, that is what I have gained
by serving the king twenty-four years.
But, I am in God's hands! What is the
use in finding fault? I shall only work
myself into a passion."

A little further on a poor old beggar
man stopped him and asked for charity.
"What can I give you?" replied John.
"I, who have served the king twenty-
four years and have gained only a pound
of bread and six pennies."

But the beggar insisted, and the chari-
table John took his knife and cut the
bread in two pieces and divided it and
his pennies with the old man.

The beggar ate his half of the loaf
greedily, and when he had finished he
said:

"Since you possess a generous heart
and have shared with me all that you
have in the world, I will grant you one
wish. What do you desire?"

"My bag here is empty," replied John.
"I desire that to be able to make any-
thing enter it that I choose."

"So be it," said the old man, and he
disappeared.

A short time afterward, as John was
passing through a town, he saw in a shop
a loaf of bread as white as snow and an
appetizing sausage.

"Into my bag!" he cried.
Immediately the bread rolled towards
him like a cart-wheel, and the sausage
glided along like a snake.

The owner of the shop and his son ran
after the man who had carried off their
property in this strange fashion; but
John, having a ferocious appetite, had
already devoured all that which had so
promptly entered the bag.

When evening came he reached a city
where he meant to pass the night, and,
meeting a man, he asked where he could
find a lodging place.

"I am only a poor soldier," he said;
"I have served the king for twenty-four
years, and I have gained only a pound
of bread and six pennies."

"I can lodge you," replied the man
whom he had addressed, "in a beautiful
house, where no one dares to enter, be-
cause it is haunted by a frightful ghost.
If you are not afraid, you can be very
comfortable there. You will find an ex-
cellent supper all prepared for this man,
who returns every night to his former
dwelling, was very rich."

"That is good," cried John, "I desire
nothing better than such a lodging. I
am not afraid. The house pleases me."

And he entered the abandoned build-
ing, and to his joy he found the cellar
well stocked with choice wines and the
dining table spread with an abundant
feast.

To fortify himself against any noctur-
nal apparitions, after lighting a candle,
he ate a hearty supper and drank freely
of the wine.

As he was thus agreeably occupied, he
heard a voice calling down the chimney:
"Shall I tumble down?"

"Tumble down if you wish to," re-
plied John, a little excited by the wine
that he had taken. "A soldier who has
served the king for twenty-four years to
gain a pound of bread and six pennies
has nothing to fear."

At the same instant he saw the leg of
a man fall upon the floor.

"Do you want to be buried?" asked
the soldier, emptying another glass of
wine.

With one of its toes the leg made a
negative sign.

Again the voice cried down the chim-
ney:
"Shall I tumble down?"

"Tumble, if you wish to," replied
John. "A soldier who has served the
king for twenty-four years fears nothing."

Then he saw come tumbling down the
chimney a second leg, then the trunk
and arms, and finally a head which ad-
justed itself upon these members, which
joined each other, and a man appeared
standing before him. "John," said a
voice, which could not be heard without a
feeling of terror, "I see that you are
brave."

"That is true," replied John. "I fear
nothing. Why, what can one fear who
has served the king twenty-four years
for a pound of bread and six pennies?"

"Do not trouble yourself about your
poverty. If you will do what I desire,
to save my soul, you shall be rich. Will
you do it?"

"Certainly. I am ready to tie your
limbs together so that they cannot sepa-
rate, if you wish."

"Unfortunately, it seems to me that
you have taken too much wine."

"Oh, no. I assure you I am all right,"
replied the soldier.

"Well, then, follow me."

John rose and took the candle. But
the ghost extended its arm and extin-
guished it. There was no need of it, for
the two eyes of the supernatural being
shone like two burning coals.

It led John to the cellar and there said
to him:

"Take this spade and dig up the earth
at that spot."

"Dig yourself, if you wish," replied
John. "I served the king twenty-four
years to gain a pound of bread and six

pennies. I have no desire to serve an-
other master, who will, perhaps, not give
me even that."

The specter took the shovel, dug the
earth and drew out successively three
heavy jars.

"Here is a jar filled with pieces of
copper coin," it said to John. "You will
distribute these to the poor. This one,
filled with silver, you will expend in
masses for my soul. The third, filled
with gold, shall be yours if you promise
me to faithfully make use of the two
others as I have told you to."

"You need have no fears," replied
John. "To gain a pound of bread and
six pennies I served the king faithfully
for twenty-four years; and, for the re-
compense you offer me, shall I not re-
spect your wishes?"

With a sigh of relief the specter dis-
appeared. John scrupulously carried out
the wishes of his ghostly visitor, and,
with the sum given to him, he bought a
large estate.

But the evil one was enraged at seeing
this soul, which he had believed was his
own, saved by the prayers of the poor
and of the church, and he determined to
revenge himself upon John.

A little imp, very shrewd and very
cunning, promised to bring the guilty
one to him, and one morning he started
out and found the soldier sitting tran-
quilly in his garden.

"Good morning, soldier John," he said.
"Good morning, my little man. You
are very plain, upon my word. It real-
ly makes me laugh to look at you. Will
you smoke?"

"No, I do not smoke."

"Have a glass of wine then."

"No, I do not drink."

"What have you come here for, then?"

"To take you away with me."

"All right, I will make no objection to
that. I have not served for four and
twenty years to retreat before an enemy
as small as you are. John, the soldier,
fear nothing. But for the long journey
on which you propose to take me, I must
purchase some provisions. While I go
to seek them amuse yourself by climbing
up into that apple tree and picking some
of the beautiful fruit."

The imp, who was a little gourmand,
hastened to profit by this invitation.
John presently returned, holding in his
hand his instrument of safety, and cried:
"Into my bag!"

Howling and making frightful con-
ditions, the little imp was forced to enter
the terrible bag.

John took an iron bar and began pound-
ing the captive, and did not leave off
until he had broken every bone in his
body. Then he let him go.

The evil one was in a frightful rage
when he saw the condition of his favorite.

"By the horns of the moon," he cried,
"this proud soldier shall pay for all this.
I will go and get him myself."

John, who expected this visit, stood at
the door of his house with his bag in his
hand, and as soon as he saw the evil one
appear he said quietly to him:

"You know that I fear nothing."

"We will see about that," replied the
evil one, advancing toward him with
great flames flashing from his eyes.

"Into the bag!" cried John.

The evil one vainly attempted to es-
cape. He fought and struggled. It was
of no use. Into the bag he had to go.

John took heavy hammer and struck
him with all his force, and kept beating
until his captive was as thin as a sheet of
paper.

When he was worn out by fatigue he
said:

"There, that will do for today; but
remember, if you ever dare to return, as
surely as I served the king for twenty-
four years for a pound of bread and six
pennies, I will tear off your tail, your
horns and your claws, and we will then
see whether I am afraid of you or not."

When the inhabitants of the evil re-
gions saw their chief return in this pic-
able condition they set up a howl of
rage.

"What is to be done?" they cried.

"We must have locksmiths come," re-
plied the evil one, "and put locks on all
our doors, and masons to brick up all
the openings, so that this abominable
John can never get in here."

John had no desire to go in that direc-
tion. When he felt that his time had
come he took his sack in his hand and
walked to the gates of paradise.

At the entrance stood a guardian an-
gel.

"Where are you going, friend?" asked
the angel.

"You shall see," replied the soldier,
quietly. "Let me enter."

"Not every one who wishes can enter
here. Let me see what are your
merits."

"I served the king twenty-four years
for a pound of bread and six pennies.
Is not that a sufficiently good action?
What do you think?"

"Ah! that is not sufficient. We will
see."

As he spoke the old soldier advanced
resolutely.

The angel stopped him.

"Into my bag!" cried John.

"Oh! John," said the guardian of
paradise, "think of the respect you owe
me."

"Into my bag!" repeated John.

"Think," continued the angel, "the
gates of paradise are open, and there is
no one to guard them, and every one
can enter."

"That is precisely what I desire," re-
plied the soldier, entering with head
erect. "Do you think that an old sol-
dier, who for a pound of bread and six
pennies served the king twenty-four
years, does not deserve a place here?"
—Boston Globe.

THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.

Clad in their night gowns, clean and white,
The children come to say "good night."
"Father, good night," says Marjory,
Climbing for kisses on my knee.

Then Ernest, Kitty, Harry next,
And baby, till I felt perplexed,
Wishing the last good night was said,
And each and all were packed to bed.

These small folks take me unawares;
I hear them call, when safe upstairs,
As I sit down to read or write,
"Father, we want to say good night!"

The book or pen is laid aside;
I find them lying open-eyed,
Five rosy rebels, girls and boys
Who greet me with tumultuous noise.

Can I be stern with such as these?
Can charging ways and folks dispense?
They hold, and scarce will let me go,
And all because they love me so.

Then in a vision suddenly
The future seems to meet me,
It is my turn, though all in vain,
To long to say "good night" again.

I see the years stretch on and on,
The children all grown up and gone;
No chamber echoes to their tread,
The last good night has long been said.

And by his fireside desolate,
An old man sits, resigned to wait,
Recalling joys that used to be,
And faces that he may not see.

Therefore, what bliss is mine that now
I still can smooth each fair young brow
And feel the arms that clasp me tight,
The lips that kiss the last good night!

—J. R. Eastwood in Quiver.

MAULED BY A BEAR.

Perhaps the most of us associate the
idea of a bear with the grizzly of the
Rockies or the fierce denizen of Polar
regions. All the same, the Indian speci-
men, as the following will show, is by
no means to be despised.

He is of two kinds—one the red brown
bear of Cashmere, a native of the Hima-
layas, living chiefly about the snow line,
which in that range lies at an altitude
of 15,000 feet; the other is the black
bear, found on lower slopes, where he
haunts walnut and apricot trees, and is
partial to honey. He is found also in the
table land of southern India, in the jung-
les.

Both kinds sometimes measure as
much as six feet from the tip of his nose
to the end of the stump of his short tail.
The black bear is adorned with a queer,
horseshoe shaped white mark on the
chest, a good place at which to aim at
him.

The strength of bears is enormous.
One constantly comes across natives
who have been brushed out of the way
by a rude push with the paw of a bear,
with the result of losing a limb or part
of their jaw.

One of the great dangers of the sport
of bear shooting is that of getting below
the animal, who may then charge down
upon his antagonist.

But, owing to their bad sight—they
have queer, small eyes, deep sunk in
their heads—and their greediness, which
absorbs them in their feeding, a bear is
by no means difficult to stalk, and a far
easier prey than an ibex or deer or tiger.

My largest bag was once four bears in
one day. It was in Cashmere; we had
marched ten days across the hills to a
valley high up in the mountains, where
we had pitched our tent. I was alone,
accompanied only by two shikaris, or
native hunters.

It was the month of April, the best
season for bear shooting, for Bruin, thin,
hungry and full furred, had only just
querged from his winter hibernation.

Rising about 8 a. m., and leaving the
smoldering camp fire, we climbed, under
a bright moon, a steep pull up a neigh-
boring peak.

It was essential to reach our point of
vantage before the sun was up, as after
sunrise the wind blew down the moun-
tain, and would be between us and our
quarry.

With field glasses to our eyes we
scanned the panorama, bounded to the
north by the sharp cut peaks of snow
standing out clearly in the growing day-
light. The bears were then returning
from the night's prowling, and on a lucky
day I have seen as many as seventeen
within a radius of four or five miles.

When a likely beast is spotted, hard
at work, unearthing some root or inves-
tigating a bees' nest, the stalk follows.
It may be over difficult ground, and
mean steady hard work.

At last we reached to within a hun-
dred yards of where the bear was last
seen, and, with a doubled up figure and
catlike steps, peered over the point of
rock, with cartridge put in and rifle
pointed.

It was all right. Within thirty yards
was a bear, unconsciously feeding. But,
ah! he suspected something, for he rose
on his hind legs and sniffed the air. I
fired, aiming at his chest. Bruin tumbled
over and rolled down the hill, dead.

So much for number one.

Leaving the second shikari to take the
skin, we made for a point above us, to
look for more sport. On turning a corner,
however, we saw a little above us a bear
coming toward us.

To retire hastily out of sight and to
struggle up the hill, so as to get on better
terms with the animal, was the first
thought. Then, with rifle full cock, I
peeped cautiously over the edge of a rock
to get a view of my friend, when—was
it possible—I found myself almost face
to face with Bruin. Our heads nearly
touched.

But he was the more surprised of the
two, for he had no notion I was any-
where about, and he swung slowly
round, only to receive his death wound
and to topple down the hill.

Then followed breakfast and the hot
hours of the day, spent lying on one's
back in the shade, sleeping, or enjoying
dreamily the wonderful panorama of
fold after fold of mountain and valley
spread out before one. It was about 4
o'clock, when the sun had begun to go
down, that I accounted for bears num-
ber three and four.

About a mile off we saw a bear cross
a patch of snow. After a careful stalk
we came close upon him. But he was
not alone; he was feeding in company
with another, on a little plateau between
two hills.

I got a shot at him, and he made off

excitedly, hanging one forearm, I after
him, with my second rifle, as fast as I
could go, when a whisper from my shi-
kari made me turn my head.

"For the love of Allah, sahib, not that
way! There, up that tree!"

I took his advice, and from the tree
could see over the precipice as to whether
my wounded friend had gone.

Lo and behold! There he was, resting
on the very path I was taking, and
the lookout for me too! A steady shot
from my express, and down he went
into some birch bushes below him.

Reloading quickly, I looked out for
him to break covert; but in the mean-
time his companion had taken the same
path, and as he turned and looked in-
quiringly at me I got a shot at him and
he also made off into the covert.

I reloaded and awaited the result.
Nothing emerged from the patch of
jungle. So after a while we cautiously
approached the spot, and the second
shikari seeing something lying threw a
stone, and then pronounced it dead.

And indeed upon closer inspection we
found the two bears lying dead side by
side. So much for bear shooting in the
Himalayas.

It was amongst the great black bears
of the semi-tropical jungles of southern
India that the following much more
serious adventure befell me, nearly put-
ting an end to me altogether and leaving
a gash two inches deep down my thigh
for life.

We were a party of two or three,
shooting in a vast jungle on the banks
of a river, and found plenty of sambur
deer, leopards, and a few bears.

We beat the jungle by means of a
small army of coolies, the sportsmen
stationing themselves at likely spots for
the game to break covert. A very large
black bear lumbered past within shot of
me. I missed him, and he disappeared
into the jungle.

Before I had time to pursue him, how-
ever, the bear, headed back by the beat-
ers, came down the path straight to-
wards me, and in a terrible rage stalk-
ing along on his hind legs as he ap-
proached me.

I fired and hit him, but on the same
and in another moment, towering above
me, he had closed with me and knocked
me down like a ninny, drawing his
huge claws across me, from my shoulder
to my thigh.

But for my wearing a thick woolen
cumberbund, or belt, wrapped many
times round my middle, he must all but
inevitably have injured me fatally.

The bear stood over me, growling, like
a cat playing with a mouse. But I did
not lose my presence of mind, and man-
aged to get out my hunting knife, which,
with the strength of despair, I buried up
to its hilt in the animal's chest.

He staggered a little, but he seized me
the next minute with his jaws round my
thigh and shook me. The thick goatskin
legging I wore stuffed up his mouth
somewhat, and probably saved my leg,
but the gash is there to this day.

I managed to get my knife into him
again, though, at this juncture, and he
dropped me, only to seize me, again,
however, at this time on the shin, which
he tore from knee to ankle.

But he was losing blood fast, and drop-
ped me a second time. Then he pulled
himself together, as it were, and had an-
other go at me. This time he seized me
by the ankle, and bit one of the tendons
nearly through.

But the bear was done for. Faint from
loss of blood, he had to drop me again,
and staggered, rolling over. He picked
himself up, though, only to fall again,
and roll away some yards from where I
lay, and to fall dead.

He measured six feet from nose to
tail. So when on his hind legs he could
not have stood much less than nine feet
high.

As for me, wounded as I was, I had to
be carried some forty miles, across two
rivers, in a litter before I could receive
medical attention, and narrowly escaped
bleeding to death. As it was, I lay two
months on my back, and it was a ques-
tion as to whether they would not have
to amputate the leg that had been so
severely mauled by a bear.—E. E. Cuthell
in Golden Days.

An Intellectual Cat.

At the graduating exercise of the high
school at Stockbridge, an old cat, belong-
ing to a scholarly family, walked into
the church unseen and unheard. Noise-
lessly she made her way through the
crowd of people, taking the side aisle in-
stead of the middle, and with quiet dig-
nity ascended the steps of the platform.
Then she placed herself in a conspicuous
position, right in front of the committee
men, the ministers and the professors,
and with a look of intense interest on her
face she listened to the essays with a
satisfied air. No one molested her, and
she sat quietly until the close, when she
walked out with a smile upon her face,
as much as to say: "You have all done
well, young people, and I predict a grand
future for each of you."—New York Ex-
aminer.

The Question of Sleeves.

All the sleeves are fast verging on to
the fashion of fifty years ago, and it
seems that every week sees them swell-
ing toward the balloon styles of another
epoch. The sleeves of dresses of that
time were almost big enough for dresses,
and each had an enormous puffed and
bedecked undersleeve. Even the chil-
dren's clothes and boys' jacket sleeves
were wide and flowing, with large full
undersleeves of muslin, as we see from
the old fashion books. I hope we will
stop short of that exaggeration, but
don't expect we will.—New York Letter.

A Dream Defined.

Is a dream a sign of anything? Why,
yes, undoubtedly. It is a sign of life in
the dreamer, and that he is not asleep all
over. Some of the organs of the com-
plex brain are active, carrying on the
process of thought without guidance of
the will. A dream is simply the result
of unguided mental action, and the
nature of the dream depends on what
part of the brain is active. There is
probably nothing more superhuman in a
dream than in a reverie, or even in the
incoherent imaginings of an insane per-
son.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

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